

Running So We Can Fly

by The-Identity-1-Edme

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Summary: Hank (Hiccup) has been living an honest ranch life. Got friends, but basically alone. He's not really looking for a girl when he finds her. It's a drag, but he goes through a lot of trouble for her. Follow Rapunzel, Anna, Jack, Kristoff and Elsa's stories coincide and intertwine with Hank's story, in their own mid-1800's lives, and see where they realize they all run to fly.

1. Meet Hank & Rose

****Hello! This is the first chapter of my western RotBTDF story.**
******The rating is accurate, there's nothing too bad that's going to happen... But if it gets higher it's only because of occasional mild (I mean ****_mild_) language... Well, without further ado... Here's the first chapter!****

* * *

><p>The dust cloud behind us was getting bigger as we sped up. This was my favorite place to be. Running, over the hills of the desert we called home. The smell of the land, the adrenaline of speed, we were soaring with the wind. Flying? There were times I believed we could. We would leap, and my arms would go in up the air, and he would throw his head up. The wind blowing through our hair, making us both look wilder than we usually did. It almost felt like we were one with the sky. The closest we get to flying. When we land, we jolt, and if the wind is against us, he'll start bucking and jumping like a little girl playing hopscotch. But when we are with the wind, we only run faster, feeling the freedom (though it could just be the wind).<p>

After a while, he'll get tired, and I know i'll have to go back to work. He slows down all the way to a trot, and I'll hop off. I pull his reins along at a nice walking pace, and pat his neck. "Alright, Little Brother. Back to work." We walk back towards town, where I can

go to the shop and he can take a break and a drink.

We're not two-hundred yards or so from the first building, when I notice that one of Little Brother's shoes are loose. "Not again," I groan. While I'm a blacksmith myself, I don't usually have the extended time needed to repair his shoes because I'm out tending the cattle and the other horses. I take him to blacksmith in town, but the man got a new apprentice that he has do the "easy work." I know the kid's new, but I'd gone down to get the same shoe fixed not three days ago, and now it was loose again? I was not going back there, so I figured I'd do it myself in all the midst of work I had back on the ranch. Now I was going to have to go to the shop, whether I decided to buy part of the winter's feed supply today or not.

I always tie Little Brother up next to water pale, right next to the entrance. Most people aren't allowed, but its basically my own parking space, and I give the shop a good deal of its income, so they don't really care where I leave Little Brother on their premises. I walk up a few of the steps before turning back to Little Brother, and glare at him in the eyes. He has his teeth inches away from the rope, his mouth held open as he looks back at me. "Little Brother," I point my finger at the ground, "stay put." He closes his mouth, and lowers his head. I smile, and turn back to the door. My horse has the notorious reputation of biting through his lead, and trotting all over town, causing all sorts of ruckus, and situations I have trouble getting out of. Just as my foot steps inside, I whip around and give him one last look. He closes his mouth and lowers his head again, this time looking away, knowing I had foiled his plans.

The little bell rings as I open the door wider, and step inside. I walk through the short, little isles, full of all sorts of things, straight to the desk. I look down the long hallway only accessible from behind the counter. The red head I know steps out, dusting flour off her hands and apron. She glances at me and walks past me to the inventory room. "Morning, Hank," I hear her say from inside the room, outside of my view. She still has a thick Scottish accent, even if she's been living here for all of, what? Nine years? "Morning, Mer," I reply. She walks back into the room carrying two heavy looking sacks of oats. She goes back into the room, and gets a basket full of the other supplies I usually get. Two packs of beef jerky, two more rounds of bullets for my Colt Walker, a few more lead ropes, because my wildest horses chew through them every week, a few apples, etc. "I need some nails for the horse shoes as well," I tell her, and she walks over, carefully counts out twenty nails, puts them in a bag, and sets them down on the counter. She puts her fists down on the table, and watches as I pull out my wallet. "We're serving steak tonight, Hank. You should come." I pull out the money, and look up at her. "Will do," I say, handing her the money.

Myrtle is serious during business, but literally after I hand her the money, she brightens up. "How are you ever going to find someone if you're hair is always full of dirt?" She asks me playfully, reaching up to rustle my hair, dust falling out. "How do you get your hair in a braid?" Her hair was very curly and wild, so much so, that any description is an understatement. She gives me a smiling pouty face, and then says, "The town's been awfully quiet lately. Mrs. Johansen said that a new family is moving in, a rich one. Heard they were European immigrants." Rich new families meant new business, for her shop, and for me. I sell my horses, cattle, and custom made saddles through the shop, and the shop gets twenty percent of the profit. In

exchange, I get everything I need from the shop, sixty percent off. I nod, and glance out the window. Little Brother has his HEAD, in the bucket of water. He pulls his head out, and shakes off the water. All over a customer coming inside. Myrtle and I both snicker, and as the customer walks in, Myrtle says, "Good Morning, sir." The man's suit has water all over it, but he simply nods, going to look at something. Myrtle's mother steps out to help him.

"Why do you need the nails?" Mer asks after glancing at her mother. "Little Brother's shoe is loose. Again." I reply, leaning on the counter. "That's the fourth time this month!" She whisper-yelled, not wanting to disturb the other customer, or more importantly, her mother. "Yeah, I know. That apprentice can't seem to get it right." I mumble, annoyed to be thinking about the subject again. "Well, I'll start telling people to ask for the actual blacksmith when they go there." She says, taking her hands off the counter, crossing her arms. A shrill whinny is heard, and I know its Little Brother telling me, its time to go. "Well, i best be off," i say, hoisting the sacks of oats over my shoulder, and grabbing the basket with my free arm. "Have a nice day!" I hear her mother call to me. The other man holds the door for me, and i nod with thanks before replying, "You, too!" I walk out the door, and get ready to leave, when Myrtle walks out the door. I'm already on Little Brother, trotting out of town, in the direction of my ranch, when I hear her holler, "You take care of Angus now, you hear?" I holler back, "Will Do!" And Little Brother begins to gallop us home.

The ride out isn't very long. It isn't fifteen minutes before I'm able to see the barbed fence enclosing my four hundred and forty-five acres. My land has a savage look from the outside, the scary fence, a barren look that the entire area has, but just over the hill, its kind of like an oasis. Grass, weeds, some trees, and part of a river that flows down from the mountains near by. This land should've been worth a fortune. But my father, a man that took pride in his "Celtic" heritage, and says that is the origin of his "communal consciousness," was in luck. The land was separated into smaller slots, but there were less buyers than the government sellers thought there were going to be. They saw this general area, and dismissed it as even worse than the rest, cut off the entire four hundred and forty-five acres, and sold it for nearly four fifths of the price. Thus the Anderson land was born. Little Brother and I pass through our pert little gate, and past the sign that says my name, and for what I'm known.

Anderson Ranch

Home of Henry Hank Anderson

Renowned Horse Trainer

And

Ranch Hand

With "_and best sharpshooter around_" carved in under that by my friend, Kristopher. He is a fellow ranch hand that helps out for half the year, and goes up to cities like Philadelphia, Boston and New York the other half of the year. He should be coming back in a few days.

Little Brother goes straight to the barn, and stops right in front of the door. I hop off, open the rusty and squeaky barn door, and hold it open for him. He walks right in. I take off his saddle and bridle, and offer him the choice to go outside or stay in his stall, and he stays inside because he seems to be chatting with the other horses. All the horses inside neigh and snort in greeting when i walk past, and I go by quickly, saying hello to most of them. A few of the stalls are empty, I let the horses onto the land every other day, but some of them are still wild and eager when they get out of their stalls. Horses like Angus, Myrtle's unruly American Saddlebred, which I take care of since she works most of the week. The last two stalls belong to my dairy cows, and they look up from their chewing. I pat their heads, and start putting away the stuff I bought at the store today.

The bullets, beef jerky, and two of the apples, I take with me when I walk back outside. My very valuable land, horses and cattle are not only surrounded by a barbed wire, but patrolled by the bulls, my small pack of dogs, and the wild horses. I have about 70 head of cattle. They're free to roam all over the land, and feed for themselves, since the land stays relatively green. I really just stock up for winter, and for the horses. The dogs are mutts and mixes. They do their job of protecting and herding well as a pack. While i do feed my dogs daily, they hunt rabbits, and actually kill an occasional coyote and eat it. I don't care much for when they do during hard months, but in good months, I don't let them eat the coyotes. It creeps me out.

I turn around and look at the bar as i walk backwards toward my house. The barn is dull looking, it hasn't been painted since my dad and I built it. Its a few hundred yards away from my house. My house is two story's and it manages to stand out against the barn. Every year I paint it white. Every year, so it looks new, and pretty. That house was my mother's pride, after me, of course (or so she says). When my parents left to San Francisco, my dad wished me luck, while mother told me that because she loved me, I had to take care of the house. That it would give me a better chance of finding a wife.

And while I didn't really care, I still heeded her suggestion (more like an order). And if that wasn't enough, she left me a LIST, and its has the instructions for EVERYTHING. Eat, sleep, bathe, clean. Oh, the cleaning. I have to keep all the 3 bedrooms clean, make sure the living room is clean to receive guests (close to none), and the kitchen is always clean, because I clean after i cook. The restroom is sparkling, and I make sure its insect free. Just a days work of cleaning, and I'm out. No wonder Mom was so grumpy... I write to my parents every month, tell them about sales, and to let them know how i'm doing. I have to do it every month, because one time I forgot to, and mother literally rode out, and checked up on me. For two months. She was nice to have as company, but she...well... She was pushy and bossy, and stubborn, and she was still overprotective, and she didn't let me handle anything really. I love her and all, but I can take care of myself now better than I could before.

I go inside the house, change clothes, and wash my hair to get ready to eat with the Devrie's. I stop and look at myself in the mirror. Myrtle says I'm "handsome," but that sort of classification doesn't really matter to me. I have auburn brown hair. Much different from my parent's distinct reds. Green eyes, same as my parents. And my height greatly exceeds the marks on the door from when I was thirteen.

Something i am most proud of. When my parents went to San Francisco, I was only fifteen, but I decided to stay. It was hard the first two years, only had the shop to help. Myrtle was very helpful, and her parents generous. I was small, and looked like a weakling. That didn't help much in business, so i think it was my intelligence that saved me from being broke. I discovered I had a talent with horses. I found that out after meeting Little Brother. And that saved me. I became a horse trainer alongside my main job as a ranch hand. And i became well known for it. I became respected in the town, but I didn't become well-respected until about three years ago, when i FINALLY had a growth spurt, and I actually looked respectable.

I walk out onto the porch, and almost trip on a blanket. Little Brother's. Little Brother actually sleeps on the porch. He literally drags this blanket from the barn, sets it down, and sleeps on the porch. I tried to keep him from doing it a while back, but he kept dragging the blanket back, no matter how high i put it, or how well i hid it. Now i just take it off the porch and shake it out every now and then. I roll my eyes and smile, and kicking it to the side.

I walk out to the barn, by now its about five thirty. Every Thursday I eat dinner at the Devrie's, and they usually eat around six or so, giving me enough time to give Little Brother's saddle a quick dust off. I'm wearing some pretty nice clothes, so I'm not risking getting dirty. I walk over to his stall, and when don't see him, I lean inside it, and he's lying on the ground, asleep. In his stall. I raise an eyebrow, but proceed to saddle my calmest mare, and one of my preferred rides after Little Brother. She's a Palomino, with silky white hair, and a patient and kind personality. So much so, that I named her Esperanza. She looks at me with her deep, dark curious eyes, her ears relaxed, an almost cute expression. I saddle her, and lead her out of the barn. She stands quietly as I close the perimeter fence gate, and keeps a good cantering gate as we set off back into town.

~~~~ Rose ~~~~

I glance at the clock. It's fifteen till ten in the morning, a bright Friday. Tea time is nearly over. "Eliza, pass me the sugar, please?" I ask after tasting my bitter tea, restraining to make a sour face. Eliza sets her tea down, and replies, "Of Course." She hand the small pot and spoon. I glance up to quickly to make sure Mother isn't looking, which she isn't, and dump two spoonfuls of sugar quickly into my tea. I quickly stir it, and smile broadly when Mother turns back around. "So girls," my mother looks at both of us and smiles warmly, "what do you think?" My parents bought six hundred and fifty acres of land, and we had just moved in to our large house. My two cousins, Eliza Jane and Anna Marie, had come with us, wanting to see the new world, while my Aunt and Uncle stayed in Europe.

The house was beautiful, spacious, and open. It had two living rooms, and came with a staff of two maids, a butler, and a cook. I even got my own room, and Eliza and Anna got their own rooms as well. It was a large estate, and it was four miles from town. Thats what excited me the most. If i wanted to go into town, i would need a ride. And that meant, after nineteen years of wanting a horse, i could finally get one, now that we had the large land to accommodate one.

"Its simply wonderful, Aunt Prim." Eliza answered, distracting me from my thoughts. "Yes, it is. I simply cannot wait until I get a

horse though," I stammered. My Mother looked at me peculiarly, I shouldn't have stammered, before setting her tea down, and smiling. "You will dears, in due time," she sighed. "Well, we have fully unpacked, and are settled in. How about going to see the town? See if we can find any good shops and restaurants?" Eliza's face brightened, and I squealed. Anna came running down the stairs, and proudly announced, "I've finished unpacking!" I stood up and squealed again. "Anna, we're about to go into town! Would you like to come?" I asked her. "Would I? Let me just get my shoes!" We all got up, and were running to the stairs, when my mother chuckled, "Don't forget to do your hair girls!" All three of us chattered as we did each others hair, and got ready to leave. "What do you think we'll see?" Anna asked excitedly. "Who do you think we'll see?" Eliza quivered from excitement. "Ooo, I can't wait!" I squealed. "Rose, hold still, or I won't be able to get your hair right," Eliza giggled. Anna was already ready, and was jumping up and down next to the bathroom door.

"I'm actually a little nervous now." Eliza admitted after twenty minutes in the carriage. I gave her hand a reassuring squeeze, and Anna put her head on Eliza's shoulder. We had all calmed down, and were looking out the window at the land. The excitement started up again when we came over a hill and saw the bustling town.

Our carriage dropped us off at the edge of the first building, and my mother said, "okay girls, go explore. But stay together, and meet by," she paused and looked down the street, and gestured at a nice looking restaurant, "that restaurant half an hour before noon." We smiled and nodded. Eliza and I went one way, and my mother and Anna went towards a salon. We walked into a nice looking store. "Good Afternoon!" A girl with red curly hair announced to us.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hey! Thank you so much for reading! It means a lot.  
:)<strong>

**\*\*Background Info\*\***

**\*\*This takes place in a small secluded western US town where everyone knows everything about each other. \*\***

**\*\*It has one blacksmith, a bank, a livery (stable), a church, an assey office, a barber, a Wester Union building, a Hotel/Saloon, a jail, and of course a general store. It has a few town houses along with that. The streets form a sort of T formation in my mind, but you imagine it as you want. :)\*\***

**\*\*It takes place in the late 1850's (hehe, make of that what you will). \*\***

**\*\*Anyways, any comments or questions are welcome. Thanks again for reading!\*\***

## 2. Shops and Horses

**\*\*Hello! And welcome yet again to my ROBTfD Western! Hope you enjoy this new chapter! Rating still the same!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>~~~~~ Rose ~~~~~<p>

"Hello!" I reply to her, and Eliza says, "Good Afternoon to you as well." I walk over to an isle full of paper, and feel a paper for texture between my fingers. It's a medium thickness. Eliza is looking at the cloths, unrolling a bit to inspect the quality and texture. Eliza likes to sew, and make dresses, so she constantly looks at cloth. And I as an artist, I like painting, drawing, coloring, and I know certain paper types are better for other things. The paper types they have here are good for oil painting, sketching, and charcoal. I decide to ask about their other paper types since there were empty spaces, when I saw the candy isle. Eliza saw it too, because she set down the cloth roll, and walked over to where I stood.

Eliza and Anna have an affinity for chocolate, while I'll try nearly anything. She simply took in the sight of all the chocolate, before going over to the counter. Remembering my purpose, I followed her to the counter. "I'd like 6 yards of that Lavender French floral cotton," Eliza said as she reached the counter. I was caught off guard, and just watched as the girl walked over and grabbed the roll of cloth. She began to measure and cut it as she asked us, "So, you two are new here, right? Where you from?" I answered before Eliza could, "I'm from Pennsylvania, and my cousin here is from Norway. But we are both of

German descent." The girl raised her eyebrows, not looking up from folding the cloth. "I'm Scottish myself. What brings you from Europe? Work or something else? Why would anyone move down here?" Eliza glanced at me. "Why not?" I merely shrugged.

The girl finished folding, and put the cloth in a bag, and set it down in front of Eliza. Eliza took out the money from her purse, and handed it to the girl. "Well, I do believe we will be returning to this shop, you have a very nice selection of cloth," Eliza said to the girl. "And I will be back for some paper. What's your name?" I asked her after Eliza finished. "Myrtle Devrie. And you?" I smiled and said, "I'm Rose Fenner," I looked at Eliza, and she continued, "And I'm Eliza Jane Cowell." Myrtle smiled and quickly said, "Oh! I'm supposed to give you recommendations. Ok. When you go to the blacksmiths, make sure you see that the apprentice does not tend you. And the pub down the road, stay away from it as much as you can, especially on weekends. The best food in town is next door; the best horses come from Henry Anderson, and ...

Anything else you need you can buy here. The best shop in town," Myrtle literally said almost without breathing.

Eliza walked over to a bookshelf, to have one quick look before we left, and I noticed a basket full of bouquets of Roses. Its funny I find myself drawn to the flower that shares my name. I noticed how carefully they were placed, and I took a step back to get a better look. The bell rung, and the next thing I knew, I was falling, and landed in the arms of the person whose foot I had tripped on. He had green eyes, and auburn hair. He quickly set me back on my feet, and asked me,

"Ex-excuse me miss, are you alright?" He stammered.

"Oh, yes I'm fine. I'm sorry for tripping on your foot." I said quickly, I really didn't know what I was saying, a thing that usually only happened to

Anna.

"No harm done," he chuckled nervously. "Well, excuse me, miss..." He bowed, and paused, waiting for my answer.

"Rose Fenner," I told him, curtsying in the same silly manner. He smiled, and continued in a regal, yet playful tone,

"Excuse me, Miss Rose." I smiled back at him.

"You are excused sir..." I replied, equally mocking as him.

"Henry. Hank. Hank Anderson." He stammered, again.

"Well, Sir Henry, I hope to be seeing you again," I stepped pass him towards the door, which he opened for me.

"I look forward to it," He replied. I felt a rush of glee. He seemed like a good guy, and that was much more playful than it was flirting. I had made a friend. I stepped outside. I turned around, because I had forgotten Eliza, and she was walking toward the door. She was glancing at Hiccup, and he was staring at her in awe. "Hello," he simply said with a nervous, and slightly awkward smile. "Hello," she replied, blushing, and glancing away. He quickly shook his head, and opened the door for her. She glanced back at him and turned to me. We began to walk away from the shop. I peeked back at him and he was standing on the porch, staring in our direction. When we were a little ways from the shop, I nudged Eliza. "What was that?" I squealed playfully. "Nothing!" Eliza said, blushing and smiled. Suddenly, we heard hoof beats moving quickly behind us, and in our direction. "Wait!" We heard him call out, and we quickly turned around. Henry was riding a very unusually colored, but very beautiful appaloosa, and he pulled up right next to us. "What's your name?" He asked curiously. I turned towards Eliza. "Eliza Jane," she replied. "And you?" He pulled the reins a bit; the horse was prancing and neighing, a bit out of control. "Hank," he yelled over the loud ruckus his horse was creating. And with that, his horse bolted back in the direction of which it came. Eliza was blushing, and she quickly pulled me inside the restaurant.

We sat down at a table, and I nudged Eliza again. "What was that?" I teased, louder this time. "I don't know," Eliza said happily, closing her eyes, her cheeks turning a deep shade of pink.

~~~~ Kristopher ~~~~

Ice. A stubborn, annoying and under appreciated business. Why I stay in it? Honestly, I don't know. I mean half the year, I'm in freezing temperatures, trying to sell ice, and work along with my friend John in his law firm. The second half of the year is literally all grudging work in a hot desert, as a Ranch hand, with my friend Hank. I've got no home, and I very sadly make sure my horse, Sam, is in better living conditions than I am. The city life is hard, but I make good money. Going back to the ranch is great, and I still make good money. By good money, I mean enough to survive. I sometimes choose to stay a little longer with the firm if the business is still thriving.

This time, I don't exactly have a choice if I want to stay a bit longer in the city or not. John's law firm was in a rut with this new law firm, "Law Guardians," and of course, they had more power and experience in court, so John's firm closed down, and he decided to come with me to the ranch. Oy.

Don't get me wrong, John-Jack- is my friend, but he can... Get annoying. I mean I can barley stand the 6 months I already put up with him, but my (mentally) relaxing half of the year? I'm...not sure I'm willing to give it up.

But oh well... You can tell he just went and bought the first horse he saw, because he's riding a thoroughbred, and those are not necessarily for beginners. Watching him struggle is hilarious, so I have force myself to help him when it gets out of hand. I want to scold him, tell him he should just have rented a carriage, but he insisted it would be "fun." "Suit yourself," I told him, and we set off. We had taken a steamboat down the Mississippi, and ridden the rest of the way. We left late this morning, not my fault, and now it was evening. We were here a few days earlier than expected, and I started to go at a faster pace when I could see the town. Seeing Sam go at a pace faster than walk must have set Jack's horse off, because the next thing either of us knew, that thing was bolting off towards town. I urged Sam on, and we rode after, but gosh, that thing was FAST!

The few people that are walking across the street on the edge of town have to dodge and jump to keep out of that horse's way. It swerves right in front of a building, and runs in a different direction. Sam is running after, and we're gaining, because Jack's horse slows down whenever it turns. We run across town, but Jack's horse doesn't lose energy. Miraculously, I see the only person I know can help in this situation. "Hank!" I yell at the top of my lungs. He's just about to get off his horse, which I can't help but notice isn't Little Brother, and he turns to look in my direction. He follows where I'm pointing, and turns his horse around when he sees the bucking, rearing, and speeding triple threat of a horse John is hanging on for dear life to. He moves quickly into the middle of the road, blocking Jack's horse's current path, and when it skids to stop right in front of Hank, he smoothly grabs the reins, and puts his other hand up. The horse has its head up high, as if it's confused at this turn of events. Hank is slowly moving his hand forward, and when the horse, lowers his head a little, Hank places his hand softly on the horse's head. It prances a bit, and Hank talks to it quietly, as I hop off Sam, and sneakily come around the thoroughbred's side to get Jack off.

* * *

><p>Hey Guys! Don't really have anything new to say except that last chapter was actually a double chapterâ€| so chapters may look a little shorter. Yeah, I don't know why I did itâ€| just did. Sorryâ€|

Anyways, any comments or questions are welcome. Thanks again for reading!

****HIYO! Guys, nothing new, except this chapter.****

* * *

><p>~~~~ Jack ~~~~<p>

When I put aside the thoughts of never hearing the end of this from Kris, and the fact that my horse could have hurt someone, I can't help but smile at how fun that was. It was an unexpected ride, and it was thrilling. But degrading. I'm trying to make a respectable impression in this new town, and I make a fool of myself before even properly presenting myself. Maybe Aster was right. I'm too unruly and free spirited to be a lawyer, or anyone respectable for that matter. I just want to be free and have fun. I guess that's why the "Law Guardians" firm (such an odd name) decided to pummel me out of business. I caused them enough trouble already.

I'm stunned. The wild ride I had a few seconds ago is almost a purring kitten at the hands of this guy, Hank. Kris comes around the side, and motions for me to get off. I swing my leg over gently, and hop off. Kris grabs me by the arm and pulls me over to a porch like a child. I wrench my arm free, and watch Hank lead the now calm horse over. I look on with a downed expression. Another reputation to live up to. "Where'd you get him?" Hank asks Kris, without a greeting towards him or me. He must know Kris well. "It's a long story. If you want, I'll take him to the stable across town," Kris steps off the porch and faces Hank directly. "It's alright. I think he'll be good right here with Sam and Esperanza," Hank replies in with a sly smile across his face as he looks at Sam and his horse. They tie the horses, and step back towards the porch. Kris stands next to me, and gestures towards Hank, who's dusting dirt off his pants and shirt. "Jack, this is Hank," he slaps my shoulder, and looks at Hank. "Hank, Jack."

We shake hands, and they explain to me that we're going to have dinner with a friend of theirs. I sharpen up. I don't want to make the wrong impression. Again.

We walk through the door, and walk through this nice little store, letting ourselves past the counter, and into another room. It's a beautifully designed dining room, with only one at the table. A red head who's hair is braided down her back. When we walk in, a large man steps out of the kitchen with a big pot that's steaming off the top. Both the man (who's obviously the girl's father) and the girl look at us three, and the greeting they give us, you'd think we were Independence War heroes. The man gives a hearty laugh and exclaims, "Elinor, Kristopher is back!" The girl gets up, places her hand on Hank's shoulder, and gives Kristopher a side hug. She laughs, and leads them both towards the table. A thin, black haired lady steps out of the kitchen, smiles broadly, and goes to hug the two guys I came here with. I watch as three boys- triplets- run down the stairs, and they all hug Kristopher. I stand by watching all the happiness and can't help but wonder. Are they related or something?

The girl, Myrtle, looks at me, and gestures at me with an expression that says I'm crazy for still standing here and not sitting down. I sit down. They all chat as they pass the food around. Pork and mashed potatoes. It's real good.

"So, what's your name?" Myrtle asks me, and the table goes quiet. I

kind of zoned out, and my mouth was full, so there was a long awkward silence as I chew, and swallow. "Umm, my name is John O'Connell. Folks call me Jack. I'm from Boston, and I used to run this firm with Kris over here," I say nervously. The red haired man, Fergus and his wife, Elinor nod. Elinor even says, "Very respectable." She smiles, and she glances at Myrtle for a split second. They don't seem to even remember the awkwardness that I created a few seconds ago. If anything, they've created their own. Aster and Nick would've killed me if I created an awkward silence at a dinner like that. Kristopher joins in to lighten up the mood. "Oh yeah. Jack and I go way back! We- Hey Jack, remember what happened a few months ago when we were walking down Summer street?" Hank joins in, "Oh yeah! Kris told me all about it in his letter! I couldn't stop laughing!" I smile nervously as they all lean in to hear the story. I take a deep breath, and decide I can trust these people. I lean forward with a mischievous smile, and say softly, "so. You want to hear the story?" Myrtle and the boys all smile and nod excitedly. Fergus leans back and chuckles. "So Kris and I were walking down Summer Street..."

~~~~ Anna ~~~~

"And then she started to sing, 'do you want to build a snowman?'" Eliza doubles over in laughter, retelling the story of that winter, almost 10 years ago.

I'm shoved over by Rose's playful nudge, my sister and she engulfed in the humor of the story. I roll my eyes. Laughing at me once again. I sigh, and look around the restaurant. It doesn't look too different from this morning, the lighting is different since its dark outside, and there are a few more people, but it still the same. My aunt loved the restaurant so much we came back for dinner to show my uncle. It bothers me that I notice such trivial things.

I've hardly touched my plate. I have a nervous rush coming up and down my spine, because my still existent food would prompt comments. Comments that detain to my "youth." Being the youngest girl, I am stuck in a constant turmoil. I'm old enough to be courted, but still too young to go anywhere on my own. Whereas, Rose, three years my senior, and Eliza, four years my senior, are free to go wherever they want (most of the time) with whomever they please (in our social class of course). I groan in annoyance and set down my fork.

A little too hard I presume, because my whole family just quiets down, and in the corner of my eye, I can see people looking up to see the commotion. A silence is born, and the music just happens to die down. Great. "Anna Marie, are you all right?" My aunt says concerned, but in a firm and stern way. Eliza leans over and says under her breath to not attract more attention, "Anna we are in a public, please act accordingly." Rose draws in a shaky breath and turns away from me. The music and conversation slowly begins again, as if a dampening cloth were removed from a phonograph. All of them sit in a slight disappointment, even my uncle, who's company I enjoy the most. But his expression is almost sad. But an idea pops into my head that does not let me ponder why.

"Aunty, I'm sorry for the outburst, I did not mean anything by it, "I struggle to hide my smile, "but I am not feeling to well. My stomach and head hurt. I'm dreadfully sorry but I think I'm going to have to excuse myself from dinner. Is that alright?" Like a charm, their

faces change.

"Oh my word! I'm sorry darling, the dairy of the food must have upset you're stomach," my aunt responds in the sweet voice that I always have known her for. A very good sign I'm getting out of this. "Go to the store down the way and pick up some ginger tea and some licorice," Auntie instructs. Eliza is quick to suggest, "And some chamomile if you can find some." My aunt odds in approval. My uncle stands up and hands me a few coins. Fifty cents. Fifty cents! "Go to the store then have Kai take you home, honey." He pats my shoulder and leads me out. I walk down next to the side of the buildings, and for a bit he watches me, then goes back inside.

I feel like running down the road! For the first time in forever, I can finally meet people and have fun and be free! All the people! What if I meet the one like in all those stories?

Whoa, getting ahead of myself. I must focus. I can't let this get out of hand or it won't ever happen again. I take a big breath and stride happily down the road.

A few children play with a ball as I pass. They look so cute—suddenly I get knocked over and I fall to the ground. "Hey!" Is my immediate reaction. My bonnet just fell down over my face, and I'm absolutely sure that my dress is dirty. \_GREAT\_. "Watch it!" I yell after. I lift up my bonnet, and the man atop the horse that knocked me down leaves me speechless. He has fair skin and a light dusting of freckles across his nose. He also has auburn hair, sideburns and dreamy green eyes. My mouth drops open.

"Oh my, I'm so sorry. Are you alright?" he's quick to say. I smile, "hey," is all I can stammer. He jumps off his horse and offers me a hand. "Uh—Yeah! I'm fine, great actually!" I reach for his hand, and I guess he must not have had a good grip, because he slips and we fall, with him landing atop me. He quickly tries to help me up and in doing so, startles his horse, knocking us over again, this time with me on top. "Um, this is awkward. I mean not you awkward, you're gorgeous. Wait what?" I stammer trying to apologize as we get up. He chuckles. "I would like to apologize for hitting you with my horse... And every second after." He smiles. I stare at him, polite and handsome. Wow.

"No, no it okay. I mean its fine. If it was my sister, she would have been like, yeesh, but you're lucky it was —just me." As I say this, I awkwardly dust off my dress and begin to move around him to the store porch a few steps away. "Just you?" he looks at me softly, but with concern and confusion. I can just see the "you are so much more than that" written on his face. I blush. I smile.

After a few seconds I realize I've been standing there for a bit, and I turn glance towards the store. "The store. I, umm, I got to go—" I stammer. "Oh. Of course. Until we meet again, miss." He nods towards me. I smile like a dope again. I turn and skitter inside the store.

Once I'm inside, the little door bell ringing, I hide behind a wall and peek outside. He rides off on his horse. I sigh dreamily. I compose myself, and get up. As I walk to the counter, I see a man come out from a loud room to the side of the counter. He's tall, muscular, and good-looking, with fair skin, light freckles, blond

hair, and light brown eyes. He sees me. "Oh, hey. What can I get ya?" he leans on the counter.

I look at him skeptically. Normally I would fawn over a man like that, but he looks poor, and nothing compared to my "friend." Of which I realize I don't know his name. He's going to be hard to meet again. This man doesn't look like he works here, but I pretend I don't notice too much. I graze over the isles looking for what I was tasked with. I find the ginger tea and licorice, but not the chamomile. And then I do.

"Chamomile," I say bluntly. He looks at me weird and then says like a fool, "what?" I say it slowly and bluntly again. "CHAMOMILE." He looks confused, then whips his head both ways and realizes the item is behind the counter, beyond my reach, but within his. "Oh!" he grabs a box and places it on the counter. "You could've just said so," I catch him saying as he takes my money for the items. It rubs me the wrong way and I frown. "I did." He looks up at me. Or should I say, down, because he really is quite tall. "Kris! You almost done out there?" I hear several voices laughing inside the other room, one of which called that out. "Yeah, almost." He yells back. He hands me my change and bag of items.

"Thank you, Kristoff." I assume his name based on his calling. "It's Kristopher," he doesn't take lightly to being called Kristoff I presume. It angers him even. "Where did you even get Kristoff?"

"I'm sorry, it's a common name where I'm from." I defend myself. He softens. "Oh. See you around," he says nicely. "Yes. See you around," I try the saying out softly, carefully. "Kristopher." We both smile lightly.

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><p><strong>Hey Guys, still open to comments and questions. Gosh, three chapters in and I'm already blank in these messages! I hope this chapter was as interesting as the others.<strong>

End  
file.